

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would'twere so,
But not till I am dead. He sayth'ha'st Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Ape-man.

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

2 Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeues profess: that you worke not
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
Heere's Gold: Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,
Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Ant dotes are poyson, and he slayes
More then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.

Like Workemen, He example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's yncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.

2 He beleue him as an Enemy,

And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is you'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and sayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What wilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo,
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deereft Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grun't'st, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,

Nor did poore Steward weare a truer greefe

For his vdone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?

Come neerer, then I lone thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
I accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?

It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse

You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime

One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,

And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,

I fell with Curfes.

Me thinks thou art more honest now, then wise:

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure),
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
If not a vsing kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in retorne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meere Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatch'd minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy.
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou releuee the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curfes

Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:

Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Does the Rumor hold for true,

That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibiades reports it: *Phrynica* and *Timandyla*

Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd

Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.

'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward

A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,

Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:

You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,

And flourish with the highest:

Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues

To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:

It will shew honestly in vs,

And is very likely, to loade our purposes

With what they trauaile for,

If it be a iust and true report, that goes

Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now

To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time

But my Visitation: onely I will promise him

An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must serue him so too;

Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the b
Promising, is the verie Ay
It opens the eyes of Expe
Performance, is euer the d
And but in the plainer and
The deede of Saying is qui
To Promise, is most Cou
Performance, is a kinde o
Which argues a great sick
That makes it.

Enter Timon

Timon. Excellent Wo
Thou canst not paint a ma
As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I haue p
It must be a personating o
A Satyre against the fo
With a Discouerie of the
That follow youth and op

Timon. Most thou need
Stand for a Villaine in th
Wilt thou whip thine ow
Do so, I haue Gold for th

Poet. Nay let's seeke
Then do we sinne again
When we may profit mee

Painter. True:
When the day serues bef
Finde what thou want'st
Come.

Tim. He meete you a
What a Gods Gold, tha
In a baser Temple, then
'Tis thou that rigg'st the
Setlest admired reuerenc
To thee be worships, an
Be crown'd with Plague
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy T
Pain. Our late Noble
Timon. Haue I oncel
To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing often of your op
Hearing you were retyr
Whose thanklesse Naru
Not all the Whippes of

What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Nobl
To their whole being? I
Them monstrous bulke of
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't th
You that are honest, by
Make them best seene, a

Pain. He, and my selfe
Haue trauail'd in the gre
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are ho

Painter. We are hith

To offer you our seruice

Timon. Most honest